

GOOD SEATS STILL AVAILABLE FOR "YE GODS"

With ticket sales a week old, Red and White Revue business manager Clarence Blatt reports that students are snapping up tickets eagerly for the evening performances towards the end of the week, but says plenty of good seats are still available, especially for Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 8 and 9, and the Saturday matinee, Feb. 12.

Tickets for next week's presentation of "Ye Gods!" are priced at \$1.60 apiece and are on sale at noon hour in the Union and Arts Building. All seats are reserved.

Full Rehearsals

Full rehearsals are now being held in Moyse Hall as the show takes its final shape.

Music is the big thing in "Ye Gods!" with 16 songs and musical numbers dotted through the show, and is under the direction of Ron Clark.

Ron, a second year Commerce student, is no stranger to the Revue, having played in "Still Happy" three years ago and written the featured ballad "Here's Hoping" in "Naughty For Knowledge" two years ago.

This year Ron has gone all out, composing music for 11 songs and special numbers, with lyrics by Ron Wollner.

Three Ballads

No fewer than three ballads are included among the composers' output for "Ye Gods!" Peter Hale will sing "Lost — One Queen;" Judy Socolow will sing "The Time Has Come," and will be joined by Ross Campbell in the show's featured ballad, "April Twilight." The ballads are backed by the Merry Martlets, with choral arrangements by Steve Garrick.

Comic Songs

Comic songs include "The Actors' Song" sung by Corinne Copnick, Peter Hale and others, the "Sid Sees Her" March, and "Mistresses and Matresses" sung by Peter Hale and his six mistresses.

FORMOSA TOPIC OF ECONOMIST

Dr. S. Chandrasekhar Indian social scientist and economist is to speak at the Union Clubroom at 1:00 pm today.

The lecture, under the sponsorship of SCOPE and the World University Service committee, will be entitled 'Formosa — Peace or War'. Dr. Chandrasekhar is a well known adherent to the pro-Birth Control movement in India. He is currently on a lecture tour through Canada and the United States.



Lovely Patti Ryan will be on hand with Claude Thornhill's orchestra to entertain you and your date at the carnival ball in the chalet on Mount Royal on Saturday February 19.

"BAND OF THE YEAR" AT CARNIVAL BALL

Playing his first engagement in Canada, Claude Thornhill's band and singer Patti Ryan will be supplying the dance music for the Winter Carnival Ball on Saturday night, February 19. Noted piano stylist Thornhill and his troupe were named "Band of the

their ability to blend well as a group.

To supply continuous and varied music throughout the dance, Russ Merideth's band will be on hand for some dixieland renditions, and Art Arduini and his group will furnish the jazz.

The theme of this year's Carnival will be Kittyland, and the ac-

(Continued on Page 8)



CLAUDE THORNHILL

Year" in the United States a few years ago, and can boast of such engagements as the Hotel Statler in New York, Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel, and the Hollywood Palladium.

Claude Thornhill himself has his classical training in music in Cincinnati. He has done arrangements for Bing Crosby and Benny Goodman and is especially known for his themesong SNOWFALL, which is his own composition. Thornhill has carefully chosen the members of his band on the basis of both individual talents and

VALUE OF HALF DOLLAR TOPIC OF PERINBAM

By Dale English

"The fifty cents that a Canadian student gives to World University Service may mean nothing to him," said Lewis Perinbam, executive secretary of World University Service of Canada, on Wednesday night, "but that same fifty cents may mean the difference between life and death for a student in another land."

Perinbam was addressing a meeting of the Students' Executive Council. Also present as guests of the Council were Agnes White, chairman of the McGill WUSC Committee, and Subroto, an Indonesian student and WUSC Scholar at McGill.

Perinbam spoke of the WUS program, designed to bind the students of the world in a real fellowship. He said that there are three parts to the program: material assistance, education and travel, and research.

Essence of Program

WUS, he said, helps refugees, victims of disaster and oppression. "But the essence of the program is not aid, but mutuality. WUS helps students in other countries to build new schools, housing units, and health centres."

He said that at least 80% of the students of India are in ill-health. However, he felt that the new TB Clinic in Delhi, built with the assistance of WUS, would help to combat this.

A View of Life

Perinbam said that the education and travel section of the program

helps to bring to groups of Canadian students a view of the life of other students by means of seminars and study groups, as well as from WUS scholarship students.

Potential Value

"The potential value of this work is enormous," he said, "for many of the students helped will be the leaders of tomorrow."

"The cost of responsibility will be much less than the cost of non-responsibility," he concluded.

Subroto also addressed the SEC for a few minutes on Indonesian

CANCELLATION OF LECTURES

At the request of the Students' Executive Council, Senate has decided that all lectures and laboratory periods shall be cancelled between 2:00 and 3:00 pm. on Thursday, 10th February 1955, in order that students may attend an exceptionally important meeting of the Students' Society.

T. H. Matthews,
Secretary of Senate

student organizations and their problems.

Further Council Business

Marv Gameroff, president of the Students' Society, reporting on the Capital Expenditures Committee, said the University and the SEC have agreed to split the costs of buying new lockers for the Faculty of Music and the Faculty of Law.

(Continued on Page 5)

Hazardous Hazing

The Editor
McGill Daily
690 Sherbrooke St., W.
Montreal, Que.

Dear Editor:

May I ask a favor of a fellow-member of the Fourth Estate?

The attached clipping from the Toronto Star tells of an interesting experience I had in Montreal recently — Jan. 17th, to be exact.

For an old guy like me it was quite exciting and I enjoyed it. So I blabbed it around. But when my own wife doubted it I began to worry as to how many of my friends think I imagined or dreamed the whole thing.

So, now could you set some one on the trail of those fraternity girls and dig up some one who will verify my story and save my sacred honor. . .

The clipping accompanying the above letter read as follows:

Unusual Experience

"A gray-haired Toronto man, returned from a business trip, related with relish the unusual experience he had in Montreal. About 8 pm he was standing at the corner of Peel St. and St. Catherine

St. when he was suddenly surrounded by a bevy of lovely young girls who joined hands and sang, "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush." Then they surged in upon him and demanded, "Name your favorite song." With inspiration he answered, "Let me go, Lover." As they sang, two of the girls by turns danced with him inside the circle. Then as they began to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow" he broke away and entered the candy store nearby, saying, "Well, gals, I guess treats are on me." Two of the girls followed him and prevented his generous gesture by telling him the girls were pledges from a McGill fraternity and were not to be rewarded. The man feels this is one of his best stories but his wife has forbidden him to tell it to their friends. "You've been dreaming," she says scornfully.

Track Down The Girls

The letter and clipping were forwarded to the Daily News Service and a reporter was assigned to track down the girls. He couldn't locate them because all the female fraternities insisted that they never participated in such "high

jinks," but he certainly brought in some other unusual stories.

A now prominent member of this campus, when he was initiated, had to go and preach temperance in the Normandy bar of the Mount Royal Hotel. Dressed in a long black coat, and swaying slightly, he did such a good job that everyone bought him at least one drink. Another pair, equipped with roller skates and a toy bicycle had to go down there and pretend to be a night club act. Still another chap had to ski around the lobby of the hotel.

Most Embarrassing

The most embarrassing of all the stories was of a pledge who had to go to the Berkeley Hotel dressed in pajamas and a dressing gown and burst into the bar crying "My wife! — she didn't come home and I can't find her!" His consternation had to be seen to be believed when a totally unknown woman came rushing at him shouting "Oh, my darling — at last, at last you're here!"

We are dreadfully sorry that we cannot help the gray-haired gentleman, but if it is any consolation, we believe him. —NEWS AGENCY

Editorial

MCGILL SEGREGATION

Montreal must be a sociologist's dream and a psychologist's night-mare. Sociologists, we understand, study groups. Psychologists study people. There is no such thing as a person in Montreal; everyone is simply a member of a group. He is either French or he is English. If he is English, he is Gentile or he is Jewish, and other Montrealers ask first what he is, then who he is.

This classifying of people extends even to McGill.

Segregation at this university take place on three levels: in campus clubs, in fraternities and in unorganized social cliques.

As regards the first level, the campus clubs, it is interesting to note that the aim of approximately 36% of McGill clubs is segregation of a sort. There are at McGill eight Christian clubs and two Jewish clubs. In addition there are 11 national clubs, whose membership is based primarily on nationality.

There is nothing wrong with such organizations; in themselves they fulfill a necessary function. What is more to the point is the state of the remaining activities on campus which are supposedly non-segregational. Almost all have a reputation for being predominantly either Gentile or Jewish. The moment an organization becomes known as being predominantly anything, the members of the opposite groups begin to steer clear of it.

"Almost everyone in such and such a group is Gentile (or Jewish)" they say, "let's not join it."

Among the activities that do not show evidence of this "natural" segregation, one finds that in general the balance in membership is carefully, artificially maintained by the club executive. We do not condemn them for this; it seems that some action of the sort is necessary.

McGill fraternities bragged earlier this year that none of them have discriminatory clauses in their constitutions. But how does their rushing work in practice? How many Gentile fraternities on campus have Jewish members? How many Jewish ones accept Gentile pledges?

Jewish women at McGill do not receive from

gentile fraternities the initial invitations to teas that supposedly go out to ALL second year girls. Gentile girls are not invited to Jewish frat teas. The rushees handbook carefully but unostentatiously makes clear to all the girls which frats are Gentile, which Jewish.

Again, we do not necessarily condemn. Fraternities have their alumnae to contend with. Each must decide for itself whether non-segregation is something worth fighting for. Personally, we think it is.

The worst offenders at the university, however, are the unorganized cliques; the closely-knit groups of Gentiles, or Jews, as the case may be, who will have nothing to do with members of the other religion; who will ostracize any member of their group who has the temerity to form a friendship with — or particularly to date — such a person. It is these people who are responsible for the unofficial segregation of the fraternities and the semi-segregation of other campus organizations.

University students are supposed to be the more intelligent members of the general populace. Traditionally, they are idealistic; even hotheaded at times. If segregation prevails in college, is it any wonder that it is also prevalent elsewhere? A university should be the one place above all others where people of different races and religions can mix, can get to know each other as human beings. One would expect that social pressures against such contact would not be as strong in college as they are outside. Yet at McGill parental and group pressures are sufficient to impose almost complete social segregation.

We are not speaking to those Gentiles or Jews who are so clique-bound that they can see no good qualities in members of the opposite religion. These people are undoubtedly incurable anyway. We speak to those who support, in theory, the principle of non-discrimination, but find it more convenient in practice to give in to social pressure. To them we say only: there are some things worth fighting for. Isn't this one of them?

F. B.

Letters to the Editor

The Carnival Queens' Committee

Dear Sir:

The Winter Carnival is one of the big events at McGill, and credit must be accorded to those who give their time and interest to

make this event possible.

It was with some surprise that we noted that Bev Mellen is Chairman of the Queens' Committee this year and in that capacity acting

as judge. What has happened to Frankie Adams, the Queen for last year.

Formerly it has been the custom for the Queen from the previous year to head the Queens' Committee in the subsequent year. Last year Merne Perry held this position, and the year before that Helen Noltie took over the job for Dusty Baxter, who declined it.

We are sorry to see that this appropriate and courteous gesture has been discontinued and strongly recommend that Miss Adams should be invited to be on the judging committee next Monday.

... If there is some very good reason for this breach of tradition, we would be glad to hear it.

Name on File

(We understand, after referring this question to Bob Roberts of the Winter Carnival Committee, that the writer of the above is slightly mistaken, as it has not been the invariable custom to have the Queen from the previous year as Chairman of the Queens' Committee. In reference to this year's choice, Roberts tells us that the present Chairman was picked because of her organizational ability and her considerable experience in working with the Carnival. — Ed.)

McGill Daily

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FEATURES

SPORTS

Janalyn Gibb
Irwin Sankoff

A Debate in Print

McGill in NFCUS

The next few issues of The Daily will feature articles for and against continuing McGill's membership in the National Federation of Canadian University Students, written by prominent spokesmen for each faction. The NFCUS question is the most controversial and perhaps important matter to be decided at next Friday's meeting of the Students' Society.

YES!

By Alison Knox

What would McGill students lose if we withdrew from the NFCUS?

(1) Inexpensive fares to Europe provided through the Travel Department, (2) National Art and Short Story contests, (3) a representative voice in international students organizations such as the International Students' Conference, (4) Now we form a part of an organized pressure group, the students of Canada, and we can together use our influence with the government and in the press on such things as the current scholarship campaign.

(5) The NFCUS interregional exchange scholarships, (6) McGill student leaders would lose the opportunity to exchange ideal on student government at the Annual Conference with student leaders from all over Canada. (7) Exchange week-ends and regional seminars, for which NFCUS at last has a reasonable amount of money now that the Toronto and Dalhousie students had agreed to pay full fees rather than be expelled from the Federation.

Is the present Federation properly organized?

The main structural points of the NFCUS are: full-time student president elected by the Annual Conference, a permanent Secretary-Treasurer and his staff (one full, one part time Secretary), and regional Vice-Presidents for the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, and the West.

The National Office is, of course, expensive, as are Executive Meetings. But to suggest that the National Office is an unnecessary luxury is absurd. How well would the Students' Society work if there were no office, no permanent administrator, no filing system (Continued on page 8)

NO!

By John D. Jackson

I believe that McGill for her own good should withdraw from active participation in NFCUS. Before the Students Society Meeting makes a decision we must all examine this matter from both points of view.

The sponsors of the motion to secede are not fighting against the ideals of NFCUS — we are fighting against its inefficiencies.

For some time many of us have been lulled into a euphoric state of existence by superficial idealism. What is this NFCUS ideal? It is the glowing idea of bringing Canadian University students together. NFCUS has completely failed to achieve this ideal for 90% of us: NFCUS is unknown to most of us.

What is the practical justification of forming a National Association of anything? It is simply the possibility of achieving something by corporate action which cannot be achieved individually.

NFCUS would be a wonderful idea if it could do something which we cannot do ourselves but this has certainly not been the case during the past 18 years nor does it appear that the situation will alter in the future.

NFCUS is supposed to represent Canadian University student opinion. How can it when NFCUS delegates do not even necessarily represent student opinion at their own universities? Does McGill for instance have a united student opinion for anyone to represent?

Surely the \$2,400 spent on NFCUS would achieve far more if it were spent wisely at McGill. We should communicate with other campuses (as we always have (Continued on page 8)

STUDENTS & PROFESSORS visiting EUROPE

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FRUSTRATED SADIST GOES ON RAMPAGE

By E. M. Ralston

There was pure malice in his eyes as he approached the typewriter as it sat unmoving and defenceless in The Daily office. Without a sound he removed the roller from its socket and stepped back a pace. There was a faint smile on his face as he began slowly to beat the typewriter to pieces.

Increasing Fury

Warming to his work he struck again and again, faster and more powerfully, his forehead becoming lined with beads of sweat. He paused only to take off his coat and then redoubled his efforts to destroy the hated machine. The typewriter, which had sat unmoving and defenceless for about as long as anyone could reasonably expect, began to fight back.

Carnage

Jagged chunks of metal flew from the hapless machine, narrowly missing its assailant, whose face by this time was lit with unholy glee. Keys began to scatter to all corners of the room; springs and levers spread themselves across the floor. But finally the typewriter was vanquished and the sadist stopped his grisly work, satisfied.

Who was it? A stray Engineer from the smoker in the Ballroom? An outraged student determined to strangle the student press? No.

Criminal Record

In point of fact it was the Editor-in-Chief of the paper (readers, especially including the Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Society, will note that this happened some

years ago). Having relieved his frustrations, he then proceeded back into his office and continued to write editorials about "Student-apathy," confident that he, at any rate, was not apathetic.

Frustration

Students will condemn such action as irresponsible vandalism, and most probably they are right. Editors-in-Chief, however, have since looked back upon this happy incident with wistful longing, for they too are sometimes frustrated. At times they have wished that the Students' Executive Council in all its wisdom had provided a small amount in The Daily's budget each year with which they can work off their frustrations.

After all, when Daily editors have to put up with an endless stream of complaints, criticisms, protests and censures, they have to take it out on something.

CORRECTION

The African Student's Association will meet at 2 pm in the Union on Saturday, February 5, and NOT on Friday as previously announced in the Daily.

The time for the Newman Club mass on Sunday should have read 10.00 am not 1.00 pm.

LOST

McGill Wir-O with English 200 notes. Please contact Viva GR. 5318.

Dr. Malmo to Address Psychology Club

Dr. Robert Malmo will address the McGill Psychology Club February 7 at 1 pm in Room 250 of the Biology Building.

Dr. Malmo is director of the Laboratory for Psychological Studies at Allan Memorial Institute and has been associate professor



DR. ROBERT MALMO

in Psychiatry at McGill since 1939. He was born in Panama, Canal Zone and received his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Missouri, he obtained his Ph.D. at Yale in 1940. In 1944-1945 he served as reserve officer in the National Institute of Health, United States Public Health Service.

Details of his recently completed visit to the Second Intramerican Congress of Psychology at University City, Mexico, will be the topic of his address. The discussion will be highlighted by the showing of coloured slides of his trip.

NFCUS

NEWS

Dalhousie University students, in a campus-wide referendum, voted 399 to 66 to remain in NFCUS. . . . In Toronto, a two-week survey led to a S.A.C. vote of 20 to five to maintain membership at the 50 cent per capita fee. A total of 21 universities are now affiliated, with several more interested. Regional meetings have been held, or will be in the near future, in Toronto, Mt. Allison, and Montreal.

McMaster Debating Union will host the National Finals in Hamilton, February 25 and 26. . . . Topic: "Resolved that Canada should have a program of Universal Military Training" . . . Manitoba has again won the McGoun Cup in the Western University Debating League.

A satisfactory early demand on NFCUS travel facilities to Europe is reported by the National Office. There is plenty of room on all sponsored tours and wide choice of steamer accommodation available. "Operation Canadian Campus" — a month — long tour of Canada from coast to coast by motor-coach, has been tentatively launched subject to response. Aiming at keeping cost down, the tour

STUDENTS MEET AT MODEL COUNCIL

A Model Security Council will be held on Friday and Saturday, February 11th and 12th in the Y.W.C.A. Building, 1355 Dorchester St. W., Montreal.

Participating in this international event, will be: McGill University, University of Montreal, Sir George Williams College, the Royal Military College, the University of Toronto, Carlton College, the Montreal Association of the United Nations, and various other associations and universities.

Debates will be bilingual, with each university representing one country. The United States will be represented by McGill University, while an American university will play the role of Russian delegation. Furthermore, there will be a series of speeches by distinguished guests, including a delegate from External Affairs Minister Lester B. Pearson; Leon Lortie, Dean of studies at the University of Montreal and member of the City Council, repre-

would be well organized and conducted throughout.

A reminder to young authors. Short story contest still on. . . . Prizes include publication of first winner in Liberty. . . . Entries should be handed in to George in the Tuck shop.

sending Mayor Jean Drapeau; and Dean H. N. Fieldhouse, of McGill University. The names of several other prominent speakers will be made public shortly.

The meetings will be covered by the press, radio and television. The usual press facilities will be extended, including press tables, a press room and a public relations service. Provisions have also been made for special tables at all official banquets and functions.

coming events

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4

METALLURGY AND MINING SOCIETY: Technical films, "Hand Cranked Drifter," and "Power Feed Drifter," at 1 pm in room 106 Physical Science Center.

FILM SOCIETY: "Salt of the Earth" and "Jasmin" the Blues. Admission free by library card only. Please do not come before 5.15 pm. In the PSCA at 5.30 and 8.30 pm.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

MOC: Hocker's race at 10.30 am at Station Hill, Shawbridge. Ski instruction has been cancelled for the day, but will be resumed on Feb. 13 and Feb. 20.

CANTERBURY CLUB: Corporate communion and breakfast at 8 am, breakfast following service. Communion held at Christ Church Cathedral, breakfast at Herbert Symonds Parish House.

CANTERBURY CLUB: Evensong followed by meeting and program. Evensong at 7.30 pm at Christ Church Cathedral, meeting following at Herbert Symonds Parish House. Program is movie, "Bey and Our Own."



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by **GLENAYR**

THE BRIDGE

by Flora Ball

She stood in the wind on a bridge, high above the earth. Her head was tipped back, her eyes closed. Her hands gripped the rail and she was intensely aware of the eternity of emptiness beneath her. She fought with the desire to look down. Whirling dizziness gathered around her and it pushed her, now forward, now backward; forward again. She could feel the great empty falling space beneath her and it called to her, reached for her. She leaned to meet it, lost her balance and was suddenly falling, rushing, shrieking, twisting, down . . . down . . .

Her body snapped. Her eyes flew open and she had a hazy impression of bare yellow walls, a small room. She fought blindly with the dream for a moment more, as the room came into focus: stained yellow washbasin, lonely chair, not her room. Then she knew. Recollection flooded in upon her. It was a hotel room, another in a long succession of them. She was miles from home and alone, and the light was on in the room to keep her awake, to keep away the dream.

As memory awoke, she turned her head on the pillow and buried her face in shaking hands.

Every night now she had the same dream. It had all started about two weeks ago when one night she had had the dream for the first time. It had come again every night since. Always it was the same, terrifying in its clarity and seeming reality, and always it awakened her, leaving her sleepless for the rest of the night. Late-ly she had tried not to sleep at all, but exhaustion each time overcame her in the end.

Gradually she became calmer and at last sat up in bed. She found that her whole body was sweating and her pajamas clung to her damply. She lit a cigarette with shaking hands.

She was dangerously worn out. She was afraid to sleep at night because of the dream, but at the same time, she was afraid to stay awake and add to her tension and exhaustion. Several times in the last few days she had fallen asleep at the wheel of her car. It was all because of the dream, the terrifying, inexplicable dream . . .

She shuddered as the horror of it came back to her. With a sudden violent motion, she stubbed out the cigarette and flung herself up out of bed. She began to pace the room, her bare feet making no sound on the cold, uncarpeted floor. The dark wood of the chest of drawers and the lone chair glowed dully under the electric light, a naked bulb which hung from the ceiling. It was a

bare, sparsely furnished box of a room, dim yet shadowless, and the unfamiliarity of it gave her a feeling of unreality.

"It's only a dream, it's only a dream," she repeated over and over to herself, almost incoherently. "It can't hurt me. If I could only get some sleep . . . I could take sleeping pills again.

She had tried that once. All her life she had had a strange, intense fear of narcotics, but two nights ago she had in desperation put it aside and swallowed two pills. She had slept most of the night through, but at about dawn the dream had come, more real, more frightening than ever and she had awakened to the sound of her own scream. All the next day she had felt sluggish and dull.

She stopped now before the dresser and aimlessly moved the brush and comb about on its bare surface.

"It's only a dream," she repeated dully, mechanically, and then, turning away, "if only I can get home . . ."

She stopped, staring down at the floor. It was receding before her eyes. It sank farther and farther away. She was growing tall, too tall, and she was unsteady. She would fall. She took a few uncertain, wavering steps toward the bed, reached it and threw herself upon it as the floor fell completely away and

the walls of the room came crashing in upon her.

After a long time it stopped. She turned over on the bed to find that the room still hovered before her, but the pressure was gone. Exhausted, she reached and pulled the blanket over her, sinking again into a restless, uneasy sleep.

She dreamt that she was walking on a level plain and that she came presently to the foot of a mountain that rose majestically from the plain to bury its peak in the clouds high above her head. A guide awaited her at the foot of the slope, a creature half child, half old man. Its body had the bloom, the soft pink roundness of a child, but upon its shoulders rested the shrunken, wrinkled, toothless head of an old, old man.

The creature beckoned to her and started up the mountain. She climbed willingly after it. It gestured upward and she could see, high on the shoulder of the mountain, a fire burning brightly. As she came nearer she saw that it was a bush, burning with a never-ceasing, never-consuming flame.

The path became steeper and she stumbled. She was tired and could not go on. She stopped. The creature ahead of her turned, scowling angrily and held out its hand to aid her. She grasped the soft, boneless fingers and it pulled, but its strength was the directionless, ineffectual strength

of a baby. Seeing that she could not go any farther, it began to berail her with its cracked, whining, old man's voice. It gestured upward again, but when she looked the fire began to fade before her eyes. She cried out and held out her arms to it, even as the old man's voice rose in nasal, shrieking anger, pounding against her ears . . .

Then suddenly all was still and she was in a cemetery. Around her hunched the silent, stone ghosts, the tombstones, glowing whitely under the moon. She looked about her and in a minute her eyes focused on one stone that stood out. She moved nearer to read the chiseled writing. It was a set of directions, of decrees, and a map . . .

She was in a cave and all about her was the busy hum of activity, of men and women hurrying to and fro. She saw that they were building a strange looking car, and on the wall was a sign which said in large letters:

"Get your horse a car to drive. Buy a horsemobile."

She picked up a hammer and went to the car to work, but suddenly a voice rang out through the cave and she knew it was speaking to her.

"What are you doing here," it thundered, "what do you want?"

She trembled with fright. She tried vainly to remember what she was doing there, what the directions on the stone had said, but she could not remember. The voice rang forth again, asking the same questions and she turned desperately to those around her for help. But they were all going unconcernedly on about their business and she knew suddenly that they could not even see her, that she was alone, and the voice rose to an angry roar . . .

She was on the plain again, only this time she knew it was a field of ice. Ahead of her she could see a man walking and after a moment she was aware that it was her father. She began to hurry after him, calling to him, but he did not hear. Suddenly a great crevice opened before him. He walked on toward it blindly. She screamed a warning to him and tried to run to stop him, but her legs would not move. On he went and on, until he dropped over the edge and the earth closed above him, and she fell sobbing to the ground.

Then the earth was opening under her and she teetered on the edge of a great pit. But it was not a pit, she was on a bridge, high above the earth . . .

She awoke suddenly, sharply, aware that she had come very close to something, some terror.

For a moment dream mingled with reality in her mind; then gradually the dreams faded, became indistinct, and she was herself again, shut in a close little box of a room.

She sat up in bed, feeling weak and a little dizzy. She looked around her carefully. The dirty, plaster-cracked yellow walls wavered before her eyes. All at once it was as if a great hand had grasped her heart and squeezed

it. Gold, liquid fear shot through her veins into every part of her body. Quickly she slid out of bed. She could not stay in that room a moment longer.

She dressed quickly, ran a comb through her hair, dabbed on some make-up, snatched up her pocket-book and was out of the room and on the street before she quite knew what she was doing.

The moment she emerged into the fresh air, she felt better. She was on a main street of the town and, despite the lateness of the hour, people were still coming and going on the street: people alone, hurrying back from somewhere, eager to get home and to bed; people in couples, strolling quietly, enjoying the evening. She hesitated for a moment and then turned up the street. After a block or two she passed out of the center of town and was walking along on the outskirts of a small park.

The night had a quality, a character, all its own. A warm breeze was stirring in the tree tops. There was no sound in the park but the alternate rush, hush of the wind and the firm quiet echo of her own footsteps on the pavement. Overhead the moving sky was lit only fitfully by the light of a restless moon.

She stopped for a moment to let the feeling of the night wash over her. Something in her seemed to respond to it, to need it, and she felt a quiet happiness grow within her that augmented, then changed to a surging, quivering joy in the beauty of it. On impulse she turned quickly, left the sidewalk and started down a path into the park.

It was dark under the trees. The only sound now was the rustling of the wind which came to meet her, tugging gently at her skirt and pushing her hair back from her hot face. Ahead of her she saw a dark shape, a small open shelter. She followed the path to the point where it turned at the corner of the shelter and there, abruptly, she stopped.

Everything was, for the moment, absolutely still. She stood there, perplexed. Something, some force almost too strong to resist, seemed to be urging her onward. She had a strange feeling that she had stood in this way at this spot before. She tried to remember, but her thoughts were drowned out by an unreasoning terror that, in the sudden quiet, flooded in upon her. She turned and fled back down the path to the street.

She came at last to a small cafe that was still open. One or two people sat at the small tables and the sleepy waitress chewed gum behind the counter. She sat down at a table in the back and ordered coffee.

The brew was steaming black and hot, but it did not help to clear her mind. Her head ached fully now and she could not think. She sat and stared at the cup and at the white cloth. A million little voices seemed to be calling, crying out to her, but she could not make out what they said. The sound came, faint and like the mewling of sea gulls in the far

(Continued on Page 5)

NEXT WEEK — FEB. 8-12

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OF

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THE HUMANIAD

A MOCK EPIC

By Stanley Hartt

O would that others do as I
When all their plans have gone awry,
And lift their faces to the sky,
Their Muse invoke, with plaintiff cry.

For battles won and battles lost
Man must find solace, spare no cost.
For in his mind, so tempest tossed,
Strong Anger does his Sense accost.

So sing, O Muse, my heart's complaint.
My song will show naught of restraint.
My aim the ancient TRAM to taint;
A picture grave and true to paint.

John Doe in battle dress prepares;
The sword of Chamberlain he bears;
Then to the streetcar stop repairs.
Another day of paying fares.

The field of battle now is near,
He looks with eye and harks with ear,
But nowhere does the foe appear.
Brave MTC has fled in fear.

He holds his sword above his head
To joust with raindrops he does dread.
O would he had remained in bed,
Or called swift Mercury instead.

Time passes, bearing sons away,
And streetcars also pass that day.
"Remain and stand your ground I say",
He calls, but ne'er does streetcar stay.

The Gods of Earth pass, loud in roar,
Lords Pontiac and Meteor,
Our Hero's helpless plight ignore,
Delay slow Tramway even more.

At last, ungainly, comes the foe,
The sharps of progress in his bow.
Ungainly comes and very slow,
Quite heedless of the brave John Doe.

Across his chest he bears his names,
Like football heroes, great in fame,
Who bravely fight in every game,
Make great Leviathan look tame.

The Tramway halts and opens wide
The jaws of Menace in his side,
And welcomes brave John Doe inside,
Just so to Fly, shrewd Spider lied.

John Doe steps into Tramway's den,
Prepares for battle once again.
Deposits pennies, two and ten,
And stands, endures the fate of men.

His sword is strong, his pen is weak,
Full eight years old and not a leak.
A piece of empty, straw to seek,
He bears his blade to battle's peak.

As if by Death's impending shroud,
John Doe is swallowed by the crowd.
With space to stand he is endowed,
While seats revert to victors proud.

Dejection comes not easily
To one so bold and brave as he.
He ready stands, prepares to be
The first an empty seat to see.

A lady rises and departs;
Behold, at once the contest starts.
Her seat to gain, the bravest hearts
In moral combat play their parts.

Our Hero with prodigious speed
His fellow passengers does lead;
The stares of others does not heed,
Accomplishes his noble deed.

The victor brave has claimed his prize.
Too soon, he finds, 'tis time to rise.
Bright Conquest gleaming in his eyes,
With straw and seat he breaks his ties.

Not great Ulysses after Troy
Could know such rapture, feel such joy.
No man could conquest so enjoy.
John Doe's delight will never cloy.

Man lives in such a dreadful state,
Repressing love, expressing hate,
Tilting with streetcars too sedate,
And, in the end, arriving late.

THE BRIDGE . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

distance, but the words were indistinct.

"Miss. Here, Miss!"

She looked up, startled, to see the waitress standing beside her table, lips compressed in an expression of unmistakable annoyance.

"You want something else?"

Looking around her, she saw that she must have been here for longer than she had thought. The little shop was empty except for herself, the shade pulled down over the glass in the door.

"I — I — yes, that is — I mean, no," she stammered, rising hastily from her chair.

She paid her bill and left quickly. The moon was gone from the sky outside and the wind was rising and cold. She turned instinctively and walked toward the park and the path within. She reached the shelter and turned the corner without hesitating this time.

Then she saw it.

There, directly ahead of her, lay the bridge. Its giant girders were bars across the face of the low-hanging moon. Its long, arching length was a slender strand, a high tunnel over a great pit. The height called to her with a singing, a ringing, that grew and grew in her ears until she could hear nothing else.

She began to run forward.

VALUE . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

The possibility of new lockers for the Engineering Building is being investigated.

Gameroff, Barbara Notkin (Arts and Science), and Mike Fish (Architecture) were appointed new signing officers for the committee.

Date for Elections

The date of the Students' Society elections was set for Wednesday, March 2, this year.

Challenge Issued

Gameroff announced that the SEC has challenged the Students' Council of the University of Montreal to a game of broom ball on Forum Night of Winter Carnival Weekend. Women members of each Council will be participating along with the men.

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Minister

7.30 pm — "FAITH HEALING,
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THE CULTS".

FIRESIDE

ARTHUR GARAMI

Hungarian Born Violinist

Mr. Charles Reiner,
Accompanist

Friday, February 4, 1955, Young People's Union, Skating Party. Meet at the Church, 1435 City Councillors St. at 7.30 p.m. then proceed to the Municipal Rink in Hampstead.

AVE CAESAR

Caesar and his shipwrecks! Hail Caesar! That man had MORE shipwrecks. Really, it's only now that I see the underlying reason for the Fall of the Roman Empire. The treasury went bankrupt providing him with ships. But Caesar didn't care. Oh, no, not Caesar! A ship here, a fleet there, Caesar makes casual mention that seventeen ships didn't arrive when the others did. Not that I care about that. It's just that I'm having trouble keeping tabs on him. One moment he's sitting in winter quarters in Gaul, and the next he's packed up to visit the Aedui in some remote corner in Britain. In the meanwhile, of course, he's having shipwrecks with the wildest abandon.

I was discussing this problem with my friend Pat. Pat is a practical girl. "Pin him down!" said Pat.

"I can't! He's with Dido."

"Breaking up a twosome? I thought that was Aeneas."

Pat, as usual, was right. We did Vergil on alternate days of the week. Aeneas was also an inveterate wrecker of ships.

"There, there," she said, "don't take it to heart. You must have been thinking of Cleopatra."

"Well, really!"

"Oh, it's not as bad as all that. I once read . . . or have you heard about it?"

"No! Tell me quick."

"Wait till I shut the door. It was like this . . ."

"Well, I never," I said when she had finished. "The book said he was in Gaul!"

"Propaganda!" snorted Pat. "Besides, he was Caesar. Nothing's impossible for Caesar."

"True, true," I admitted. "But it is a bit far-fetched."

"Ah, but he's Caesar!"

"Iulius Caesar!"

"Gaius Iulius Caesar!"

M. L. N.

I DON'T DRINK RYE

"I don't drink rye," said the little girl in the turquoise dress. "I never drink." She looked around proudly. Not many people could say as much. The young man beside her agreed. He looked around happily to see if anyone cared to argue the point. No one did. They were all happy too. The young man looked back at the girl, feeling rather disgruntled. SHE wasn't happy.

"Have some anyway." He proffered his glass. "Good for you."

"Really?" said the girl. "Then I'll have just a teensy little sip." She sipped. "Okay, get me a glass too."

"Shertainly." He walked across the wobbly floor.

"It's really all right," she assured him when he returned. "Mortification of the Flesh, y'know."

Startled, the young man looked a little less happy. She proceeded to explain, "I don't really like the stuff, so it's like wearing a hair-shirt. A glass of this should be good for at least one cancelled math lecture."

A gleam of understanding crossed the young man's brow. "Make it two," he suggested.

"Two it is!" She gulped.

Deliriously he wandered out and came back in with a case of gin.

"Canshell whole course!" he said.

Together they settled down happily to undo the math professor.
M. C.

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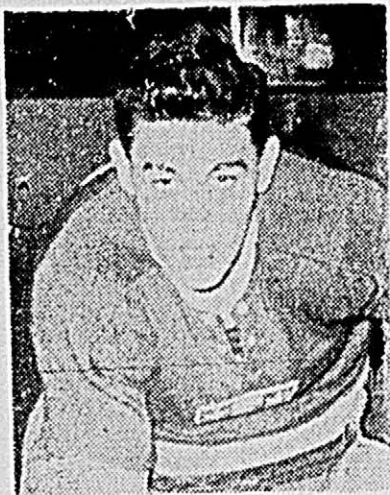
Opportunities for 1955 graduates in Mechanical Engineering are available with the above company in suburban Montreal. Electrical, Metallurgical, Chemical and Civil graduates will also be considered. Plants, equipment and methods are fully up-to-date.

The company is engaged in the manufacture of aircraft engines and in the sale, service and overhaul of engines, helicopters, propellers, accessories and controls manufactured by its parent corporation, United Aircraft Corporation of East Hartford, Connecticut.

Further particulars of the company's history, policies, operations, training plan for Junior Engineers and interview times are available at the Placement Service.

"WE'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT"

A lot has been written so far this season about the McGill Redmen hockey team and its players. Nevertheless, to most of the faithful fans (and there are some) the players are just a name, or



JOHN HENDERSON

maybe a picture, in the paper; or else someone with a big number on their back out on the ice. So let's take a look at some of the players, their records, previous hockey experience, and so on.

Between the pipes for the Redmen is BERNIE WONG. Bernie is one of the few hockey players wearing glasses and to the best of our knowledge the only goalie sporting specs. Wong first hit the hockey limelight four years ago when he led D'Arcy McGee to a couple of high school championships. He has also played on the Intermediate football team for the last two years.

RON ROBERTSON, a fourth year Dentistry student, is the stalwart of the blue line brigade. Robertson is one of the two players on the squad who is not a native Montrealer. Ron got his hockey start in Junior league play with the Regina Pats in his home town. This is the fourth and probably last year for the valuable defenceman with the Redmen.

JOHN HENDERSON, ROSS DIBBLE and FRANK SLAVIN are the other defencemen on the team. Dibble and Slavin are both in their first seasons as regulars with the Red and White squad, while Henderson is playing his second year with the team. Dibble played some football with the Inters this season and also performed last year with the now Defunct Inter Braves.

Frank Slavin was a teammate of Wong on those championship McGee teams. Henderson is no doubt the most improved player on the Redmen roster, and while he has been with the team for three years, this is his first season as a regular.

PAUL DINGLE, a Loyola graduate, is also bolstering the Redmen on the blue line. He played with the senior football teams at McGill and at Loyola, and the first year Law student is in his initial season with the Redmen.

Up front the Red and White schedule opened. Now they have had three good centers when the two as GUY BOURGOIN suffered a fractured ankle in the opener. Guy has been with the team for two years now and is a real crowd

pleaser (when there is a crowd). At the last McGill home game Bourgoin was a forelorn figure watching the game and if anyone would have offered him a pair of skates, he would have been on the ice in a flash, broken ankle and all. Nevertheless Guy hopes to be able to play in the Carnival game.

The other two centers are PETE CONSTABLE and DICKIE BALTZAN. Dick was the team's leading scorer last season and at present is in a bit of a scoring slump, not having been able to blink the red light yet this year, although he has six assists. Dick is the other non-Montrealer on the team coming from You-Know-Where, Saskatchewan. This is Baltzan's third year with the Redmen and since he hopes to enter Medicine, he may be around for a while yet, at least Robillard hopes so.

Constable led the team in scoring two seasons ago, and at present ago, and at present is the squad's leading marksman with six goals and four assists. This is Pete's second year as a Red-



PAUL DINGLE

man, but he also had a fling with the old Nationale juniors a couple of seasons back.

Playing alongside Constable this year are GORD CURRIE and JACKIE McMULLAN. The latter is the team's leading playmaker with seven assists. McMullan comes to McGill from Loyola where he starred at hockey and football and is playing his first full season with the Redmen. Jack also played for the McGill Senior football team.

Currie, an Engineering student, is playing in his third term with the locals after having got his hockey start with Trinity College School in Ontario.

HERB ENGLISH, who performs equally well on defence and left wing, plays on a line with Baltzan and anybody else who Robillard puts with him. Herb starred on the Jr. Habs some years



ROCKY ROBILLARD

ago and also played with the Loyola Warriors before coming to McGill where he is in his second semester with the Red and White. This year English was named team captain with Baltzan and Robertson as alternates.

Rounding out the forward lines are WARREN ALLMAND, PETER JOTKUS and JOHN FERRABEE. Allmand, a first year Law student, comes to McGill by way of St. Francis Xavier where he played with their outstanding hockey team for three seasons. Ferrabee is another in his rookie season with the Redmen, having previously played with the Purple and White at Westmount High.

PETE JOTKUS is the youngest player on the roster and is having his second whirl with the McGillians. Pete, an Engineering student, also played his high school hockey with the Double Blue of D'Arcy McGee.

Other members on the Redmen roster are BRUCE BINNING, DES SENIOR and HENRY LAFLEUR. Lafleur is the team's sub goaler and is in his second semester with the McGillians. Binnings and Senior are newcomers on the squad.

TO RENT

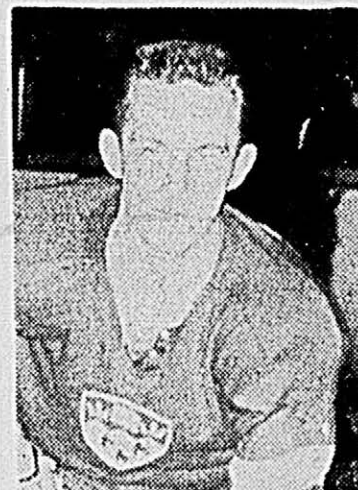
3111 Peel Street

One large room furnished.

Senior played his high school hockey with the Verdun High senior team, and Benning played for Lower Canada College for two seasons before joining the Intermediate Braves last year.

The catch of this array of hockey talent is ROCKY "THE ROCK" ROBILLARD. Rocky was born in Ottawa and came to McGill in 1947 where he was an outstanding figure on the senior hockey and football teams. The Rock became hockey coach in 1950 and was named all star coach in 1953. Robillard refuses to make predictions and before the current season when we interrupted him at his favorite pastime, playing squash and drinking coffee, he said his team would be lucky to get inside the opposing teams blueline.

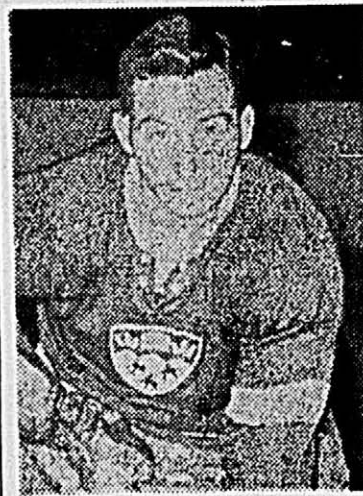
With the departure of Mike Yuhasz from the Pine Avenue Stamping Grounds (also known as the Gym), there was a slight decrease in Robillard's squash playing. But now since Norm Ashton is back with the waterpolo team,



PETER JOTKUS

Rocky and Norm have continued their tournament. The McGill Daily Hockey Writers Association will endeavor to bring up to date scores on the process of the tour-

ney, and the M.D.H.W.A. also owns exclusive rights to the publication of these results. At present Rocky holds a commanding lead of 4,602 to 4,598 matches. When we left the Gym Ashton was leading in a game 13-12.



JACKIE McMULLAN



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REDMEN HOST TO U OF M TONIGHT

VARSITY PLAYERS TOP SCORING

By Earl Sandy

The individual scoring statistics were released yesterday by the Toronto Varsity (pardon the language) newspaper (this is a paper?) in conjunction with the McGill Daily Hockey Writers Association which is in no way connected with the Canadian Press,

points and McMullan with eight will be right up with the leaders as soon as McGill has played out their games in hand.

Marcel Carbonneau of Laval is the league's bad man having spent a total of 21 minutes in the sin-bin. As far as the goaling averages

times per game. Question: how does one score 2.66 goals per game? All answers should be forwarded to the McGill Daily Hockey Writers Association which is in no way connected with the Canadian Press, United Press, etc., etc. To be eligible for prizes each entry must be accompanied by at least three ticket stubs from McGill home games. These are very rare and hard to get so we suggest you hop (or take a street car down to the Forum tonight, get your ticket stub, and also stay around and watch the hockey game between University of Montreal and the Redmen of Old McGill.

Individual Scoring Statistics

	G.P.	G.	A.	Pts.
Reid, Tor.	7	11	7	18
Knox, Tor.	7	9	5	14
Fisher, Tor.	7	3	9	12
Lafreniere, Lav.	7	3	8	11
Constable, McG.	4	6	4	10
Cossar, Tor.	7	4	6	10
Stephens, Tor.	7	2	8	10
Akitt, Tor.	7	4	5	9
Jackson, Tor.	7	0	9	9
Dagenais, Mtl.	6	5	3	8
McMullan, McG.	4	1	7	8

SUPPORT THE REDMEN AT THE FORUM TONIGHT GAME TIME: 8.15

American Press, British United Press, Canadian University Press, United Press, Dis-United Press, Reuters News Agency, or TASS.

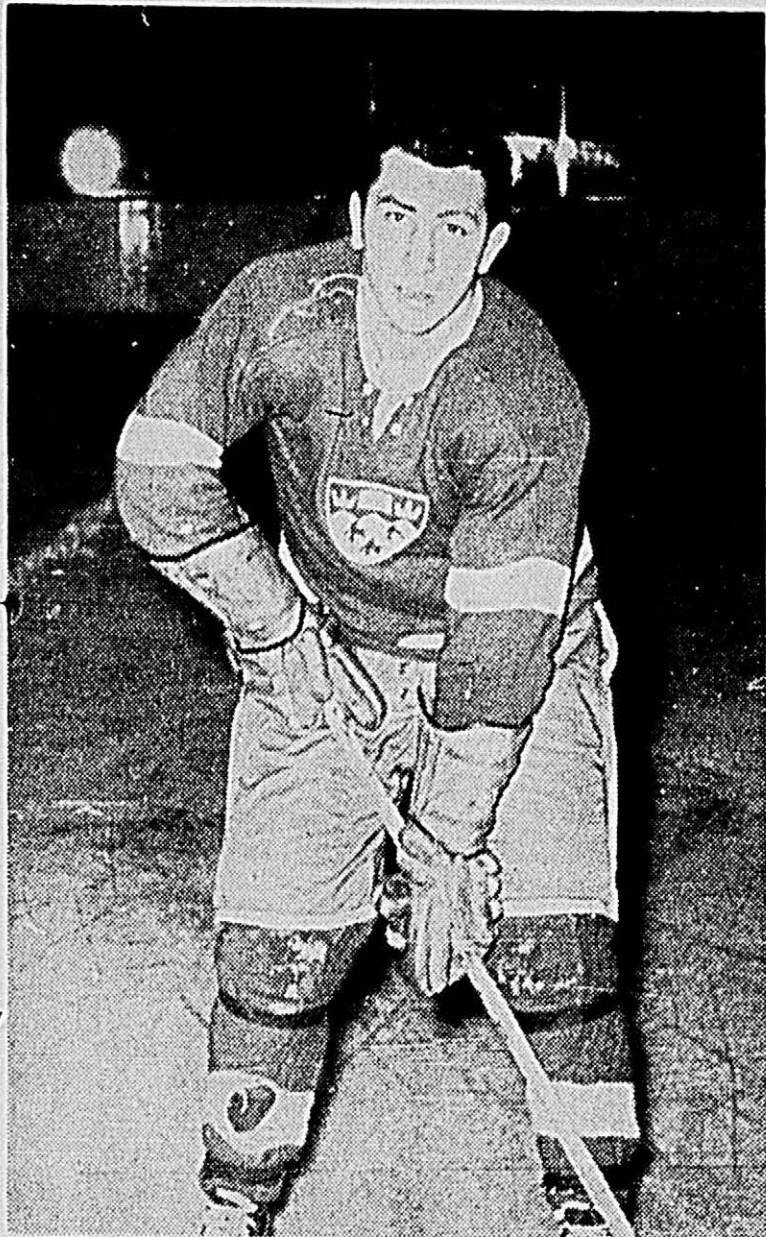
These statistics look more like a "Who's Who" of the Varsity Blues hockey team as Toronto players occupy the first three places and seven of the first nine spots. The only intruders into the charmed circle are McGill's Pete Constable and Laval's Robert Lafreniere.

The Blues top line of Paul Knox, Dave Reid and Clare Fisher are one-two-three in the scoring with Reid also leading in goals with eleven in seven games. Reid is also pacing the scorers with 18 points.

Fisher and Jackson (natchery from Toronto) are the leading playmakers, each having set up nine goals.

Since Toronto has played three more games than McGill it is quite possible that Constable with 10

go, Hugh Curry of the Blues has a slight edge over Bernie Wong of the Red and White. Curry has allowed 2.29 goals per game while Wong has had the red light blink behind him on an average of 2.66



Daily Photo By Al Foley

Dickie Baltzan, star centre iceman of the McGill Redmen, can be seen in action tonight when the Red and White take on the Carabins at the Forum at 8.15. Diggin' Dickie was the Redmen's leading scorer last season.

BADMINTON MEET AT QUEEN'S

By Stu Smith

Queen's University is the scene today and tomorrow of some top-notch bird-chasing. No, the season on our feathered friends has not opened, except for this species: the "North American shuttlecock". The Intercollegiate Badminton tourney is slated to take place at the Kingston institution (educational, not penal) over the week-

end, with teams from Western, Toronto, Queens and McGill competing.

McGill mentor Al Molloy Sr. has chosen his team for the meet, laying emphasis on good doubles teamwork as well as on endurance in his singles players. In last year's tournament the Redmen

(Continued on Page 8)

SPORTS MENU

TABLE TENNIS:

Friday, Feb. 4th

1.00 pm — Ross (A & S) vs Chan (Sc);
Walter (Com) vs Terauds (Eng).
1.30 pm — Edoe (Eng) vs Salch (Sc);
Powell (Med) vs Ross (A & S).

Monday, Feb. 7th

1.00 pm — Brender (A & S) vs Hsu (A & S); Bouchard (Eng) vs Mercer (A & S).
1.30 pm — Stanczyk (A & S) vs Zomers (Eng); Mineout (Eng) vs Ducros (Law).

BASKETBALL: Semi Finals

Monday, Feb. 7th

7.15 pm — Court 1 — Med. 1 vs Dents
2; Court 2 — Med. 2 'A' vs Med. 3.

Note:

Final game will be played
Monday, February 14th

VOLLEYBALL & FLOOR

HOCKEY: Semi Finals

Semi-final games in Volleyball and Floor
Hockey will be played Wednesday and Thurs-

day of next week. Watch Monday's Daily
for time and date of all games.



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McGill in NFCUS

(Continued from page 2)

YES!

tem, and if, further, SEC meetings had to be conducted by mail? If the twenty-three member universities all pay the fifty cent per capita fee, the Federation has enough funds for an efficient National Office and executive meetings, in addition to projects such as regional seminars.

NO!

done) through the Daily, football weekends, and debates, or by special consultation when necessary. When it is established that a permanent organisation would be worthwhile and practical let us set up a powerful student union but until this time let us not waste any further energy, time, or money.

BADMINTON . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

shuttlers fared extremely well when on the singles courts but seemed to fall apart when paired against the Ontario combinations. It was also evident last year that the inexperienced younger competitors tended to tire very quickly. It is for this reason that Mr. Molloy has put his charges through extensive training.

Leading the McGill aggregation trying to carry the Jemmet trophy back to Montreal after a year's sojourn in the halls of Toronto Varsity, is Colin Irving. Irving is a former Dominion Junior titleholder and presently ranks very high in senior badminton circles. He will play in the position of number-one singles for the Redmen and he will also see action as half of McGill's top doubles team with Bill Bonney as his partner. Last year, Irving was far and away the best man on the courts but he is expected to come up against much stiffer competition this weekend as Western and Varsity will show between them the Ontario champion, the Toronto and district champ and Hugh Cornwath, a strong force at all times.

Bonney will be playing in his first Intercollegiate tourney and will occupy the role of number-two singles man. The third and fourth positions on the club are filled by Ed Butterworth and Phil Shaposnick, a fourth-year student who participated in the last meet. Butterworth and Shaposnick comprise the second Red and White doubles pair.

Coach Molloy would make no predictions as to the outcome of

'Prince Charming' To Receive Co-ed

MONTE CARLO (INS) — Jo Ann Stork attractive co-ed of the University of Illinois, will get her wish — "to meet a real live prince," so that she can compare him with college boys back home. The 20-year-old co-ed was told yesterday that young Prince Rainier III, ruler of the tiny principality of Monaco on the French Riviera, has agreed to receive her. An American priest helped her arrange the meeting.

The prince is 31 and a bachelor. Jo Ann, who has rejected ideas of romance, said happily of her forthcoming meeting:

"It's a dream I've always cherished."

Jo Ann, a junior at the University of Illinois, had to fill out an application for a visit with the prince. His secretary warned her that the young ruler had received many such requests from women around the world, and tossed many of them into the wastebasket.

But Jo Ann got Father Francis Tucker, in charge of the St. Charles Chapel, to intervene in her behalf and the meeting was arranged.

She saved up some money while working as a waitress last summer, and with some additional funds provided by her father, who is in the cleaning and fur storage business, she flew to Europe to talk with a prince, "as they do in fairy tales."

the tournament but he rated the McGill chances as "not bad".

Shawbridge Site For M.O.C. Hackers Race

The annual McGill Outing Club 'Hackers' race will be held this Sunday, February 6, at Shawbridge.

The race is open to all students who are unclassified skiers and consists of cross-country and downhill events. The competition is divided into three classes: expert, intermediate and beginner, the competitors are to choose their own class.

The M.O.C. suggests that anyone wishing to try something different in the way of skiing should enter the 'hackers' race.

The M.O.C. house at Shawbridge is open every week-end throughout the skiing season and provides food and accommodation at the rate of \$2.00 per week-end.

Apathy, Expense Force Reduction Of Student Publication

Saskatoon (CUP) — The Daily is not the only campus newspaper that had to cut down its size. Student apathy and lack of finances has forced The Sheaf, official paper of the University of Saskatchewan, to reduce publication to one issue per week.

The student council was presented with the alternative of a deficit of \$1,000 if the present two issues per week publishing schedule were maintained.

Printing costs have increased with a forecasted rise of \$700. The only way to stay within the present budget was to reduce the number of issues. It was also announced that the Sheaf staff

BAND OF THE YEAR . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

companying decorations promise to be original and unusual. The dance is scheduled to begin at nine o'clock in the gym, and the tables will be arranged cabaret style. One of the highlights of the evening will be the presentation of awards, including the snow sculpture trophy and the ski challenge cup by the Queen, who will be appearing with her attendants.

The executive of the Carnival Ball, headed by chairman Mike Fish would like to emphasize the facts that the dance is informal, and that there will be no advance reservations.

was having difficulty in putting out two weekly papers because of lack of material and depletion of the staff.

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